1.

All I know of Mr. Nathan Bucke, he has told in the Account of his Life. whether he ever performed his promise of publishing a Second Part of this Miscellany, I have not been able to ascertain, nor whether he got any thing by his Dedication to Lord Macclesfield. one or two of his Letters are certainly not fit to be read by his Sovereign.

THE

Thresher's Miscellany:

OR,

POEMS

ON

Several Subjects,

Written by

ARTHUR DUCK.

Now a poor *Thresher* in the County of *Suffolk*, at the Wages of Five Shillings and Six-Pence *per* Week, though formerly an *Eton*-Scholar.

Dedicated to the Right Honourable the EARL of MACCLESFIELD, in Order to be Read to Her Majesty, and in Hopes of Her most Gracious Favour.

By Virtue of a Natural Right, to my own Property, I do hereby appoint my Name sake Arthur Moore *to print these* POEMS, *and that no other Person presume to print the same.*

ARTHUR DUCK.

LONDON:

Printed for A. MOORE, near St. *Paul's*. 1730.

(Price Six Pence.)

124

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

Earl of MACCLESFIELD.

My LORD,

BY *Civil Law* the DUCKS firſt got a Name, *
And STEPHEN's *Flail*, not *Verſe*, has rais'd his Fame.
My Rural-Lines if *Macclesfield* but Read,
Will alſo, with my SOVERAIGN ſucceed.
Read *then* moſt Noble Earl, O *read* once more,
And let my *Poetry* increaſe my *Store*,
† TUSSER's Five Hundred Points of Husbandry
In Verſe; records his Name above the Sky.

* ARTHUR DUCK, L L.D. wrote a moſt excellent Treatiſe, intitled, *De Authoritate Juris Civilis*, 8vo.

† THOMAS TUSSER (a *Suffolk* Farmer) *Flor. Temp.* EDW. VI.

Let not the *Witlings* then of *London*-Town,
Cry up *Grub&an*-Trash, and cry *Us* down * ;
Parnassian-Heights, a *Sylvan*-Muse may try,
Thus — Britain's *Queen, with* Sheba's *Queen, may* vie.
O let this Truth, my Lord, but pave my way,
And your Petitioner shall ever pray, *&c.*

ARTHUR DUCK.

---

* Allusion to *Persius*, Sat. 1. Vers. 10 and 11.

—— this vast universal Fool, the Town,
Shou'd cry up *Labeo*'s Stuff, and cry Me down.
DRYDEN.

SOME

ACCOUNT

OF MY

LIFE.

Gentle Reader,

THE *good Town of* Ipſwich *now boaſts the Honour of* my Birth, *as it formerly did that of the great Cardinal* Wolſey.

I was conceived in Sin *and brought forth in* Iniquity, Anno 1680, *ſo that I am double the Age of my Couſin* Stephen Duck, *and have therefore, you may rationally ſuppoſe,* Ploughed, Harrowed, *and* Threſhed, *twice*

twice as long, and all to no Purpose, unless the good Earl of Macclesfield *will likewise read some of my* Parnassian-*Labours to our most Gracious Queen; but, I live in hopes that his Lordship will grant me this humble Boon, and that my Kinsman and I, may share one equal Fate.*

As to my Education, the most learned Dr. Arthur Duck, *being my Godfather, I was by his Interest got upon the Foundation of* Eton-*College, and having gone through my School-Studies, I was, as well as my Countryman* Thomas Tusser, *for sometime a Student in the University of* Cambridge. *In this seminary of the Muses, our* Alma-Mater *being peevish, fretful, and generally out of Humour, I could not so much as Rhime my self into a College-Fellowship. This I took, as* Hudibras *says, in great* Dudgeon, *more especially, since it is well known that the whole* Race of the Ducks were born Poets.

I left King's-*College, and came to assist my Parents in their Farming-Business at* Ipswich; *where I soon found that* Corn *and* Hops *came to a much better Market than* Greek *and* Latin.

tin. *Tho' in this firſt Part of my Ruſtic-Miſcellany,*

I hope th' impartial Reader will diſcern,
I ne'er invok'd the Muſes in a Barn.

Upon the Death of my inteſtate Parents, being an only Child, there fell to me, by right of Inheritance, a very decent Country-Legacy, viz. *Good ſtore of Grain, the Paſtures well ſtockt with Cattle, Provender for their Winter-Suſtenance, and a round ſum of Money. But, as* Horace *ſays,*

My Way-ward, wandring Mind did not approve,
My happy State; I was inclin'd to rove:

And ſoon experienced the fatal Conſequences attending ſuch a Temper. In ſhort, I had no Notion of foreign Travel; nothing would ſerve me, but making the Tour of Change-Alley; *where, in that memorable Year of Chronology* 1720, *I fell a Victim on the Altar which made a daily Sacrifice both of* Cit *and* Bumpkin.

Thus having ſunk the Scholar *in the* Farmer; *and the* Farmer *having undergone a* South-Sea

Sea *Ship-wreck*; *I am now reduced to my Kinſman's Priſtine Vocation of* God ſpeed the Plough.

My Wages, are indeed, five Shillings and Six-pence per *Week, our County of* Suffolk *giving one Shilling more than they do in* Wiltſhire; *tho' alas, at this Price, it is with great Difficulty that* Buckle *and* Throng, *as we ſay, are brought together. However, I am in hopes of ſeeing better Days,*

Redeunt *Saturnia* Regna.

To conclude, in one Word, my ſole Truſt is in my noble Patron, therefore

Whate'er thro' *Carolina*'s Hand is ſent,
I'll praiſe Earl *Macclesfield*, and be Content.

ARTHUR DUCK.

P. S. I intend, God willing, to publiſh a *ſecond Part* of this *Miſcellany*, before the Meeting of the Parliament, by way of *New-Years-Gift*.

ROGER and URSULA: Or, LOVE in a HOG-STY.

I.

GAFFER and *Gammer* were faſt in their Neſt,
And all the *young Fry* of their Cribs were poſſeſs'd;
Spott, *Whitefoot*, and *Puſs* in the Aſhes were laid,
And a blinking Ruſh-Candle burnt over their Head.
And a blinking Ruſh, *&c.*

II.

URS'LA was waſhing her Diſhes and Platter,
Preparing to make her good Friend the *Hog* fatter;
Greas'd up to the Elbows, as much to the Eye,
'Till her 'broidered Cloaths were e'en ready to fry.
'Till her 'broidered, *&c.*

III.

Cloſe by Her, ROGER the Plowman lay ſnoring,
CUPID being vex'd at his clowniſh adoring;
Did ſtraightway convey to the great Loggerhead,
The whiſpering News, that they all were in Bed.
The whiſpering *&c.*

IV.

Upſtarted ROGER, and rubbing his Eyes,
To his deareſt ſweet URS'LA in a Paſſion he flies;
Then leaning his Elbows on URS'LA's broad Back,
He complain'd that his Heart was e'en ready to crack.
He complain'd, &c.

V.

URS'LA being vex'd at the Weight of her Love,
Cry'd, CUPID, why doſt Thou thus treacherous prove?
In an angry Mood ſhe then turn'd her about,
And the Diſh-Clout lapp'd over the Face of the Lout.
And the, &c.

VI.

ROGER being angry at ſuch an Affront,
And not at all minding what wou'd come on't;
He gave her a Kick, with ſuch wonderous Mettle,
As tumbled poor URS'LA quite over the Kettle.
As tumbl'd, &c.

VII.

At the Noiſe of this rumbling the *Gaffer* awaken,
And fearing leſt Thieves had been ſtealing his *Bacon*;
With a Pur in his Hand, down Stairs he comes ſtumbling,
Where he found *Roger* gaping whilſt *Urs'la* lay tumbling.
Where he found, *&c.*

VIII.

Pox take ye, quoth he, for a *Rogue* and a *Whore*,
So he turn'd theſe poor *Lovers* quite out of the Door,
(Ne'er minding the *Rain*, nor the *cold* windy Weather,)
To *finiſh* their *Loves* in a *Hog-Sty* together.
To finiſh, *&c.*

The MILK-MAID, a Song.

To the Tune of, *When bright* Aurelia, *&c.*

I.

MARIA when the Paps you preſs,
Each Morn beneath the *Cow*;
Do not the ſecret Thoughts of Bliſs,
Your Mind with fancied Joys poſſeſs,
And make you long to know?

II.

See then the gentle curling Stream,
That fills your Pail ſo full,
'Tis turn'd to Floods of luſcious Cream,
Whene'er the *Milk-Maid* chance to Dream,
She's ſtroaking of a *Bull*.

III.

Let eaſier Work your Arms employ
Take better Things in Hand,
Since Heaven has made you fit for Joy,
Have Pity on the Amorous Boy,
Nor let him weeping ſtand.

IV.

Then leave off making three-meal-*Cheeſe*,
For every *Plowman*'s Turn;
The ſofter *Curds* of *Beauty* ſqueeze,
And make *Love's-Butter* come with eaſe,
By jumbling *Nature's Churn*.

The

The PLOWMAN's Wiſh to his FRIEND.

Votatus breviter, &c. Mart.

SINCE you, whom all the World admires
Wou'd know what your poor Friend requires,
Some little Spot of Earth he prays
To paſs *Incognito* his Days.
Who'd venture Conſcience, Eaſe, and Health,
For empty Pleaſures, uſeleſs Wealth?
Who'd be the tawdry Fool of War,
Or the more noiſy Knave at Bar?
That might in his own Fields and Wood,
Find his Diverſion, and his Food.
His Ponds with various *Fiſhes* ſtor'd,
The *Bees* for him their Honey hoard.
A *Nut-brown* LASS both kind and neat
To make his Bed, and dreſs his Meat.
He that hates me, or likes not this,
May he ne'er know ſo ſweet a Bliſs.
But fool'd with Riches, or Renown,
Still ſtay behind, and rot in Town.

Now

Now or Never: Or, the MAID's Counſellor.

I.

CONSULT, dear Nymph, your faithful Glaſs,
The Chryſtal Streams, the bord'ring Graſs,
Then think how Youth and Beauty paſs.

II.

MARIA once ſo fair and young,
No more's the burthen of our Song,
Since cruel TIME has done her Wrong.

III.

His *Scythe* has Mown her *Roſy Cheek*,
Cut down the *Lillies* of her Neck,
And crop'd the *Flowers* which Maids bedeck.

IV.

Her Eyes that pierc'd the yielding Soul,
The *Toaſt* to ev'ry *Shepherd*'s Bowl,
Shall now no more our Hearts controul.

V.

Her *Voice* ſo ſweet, ſhe uſe to rear,
As brought the liſt'ning *Birds* to hear,
No longer Charms th' attentive Ear.

VI.

Her *Lips* like *Comb* for *Honey* preſt,
Like *Balls* of *Snow*, her melting *Breaſt*,
By envious Age ſhe's all undreſt.

VII.

Every *Roſe* with drooping Leaves,
An Emblem of the *Virgin* gives,
Whoſe fooliſh Pride herſelf deceives.

VIII.

Then *Damſels* mark the *fading* Flow'r,
Preſume no longer in your Pow'r,
Bloſſom's vaniſh every Hour.

IX.

Let then the *Youth* no longer mourn,
Nor, by deſtructive *Paſſion*, burn,
For Charms once *gone* can ne'er *return*.

Epitaph on my Uncle's APE.

UNDER this Slate do lye the laſt Remains
Of one, whom ſelf-conceited Man diſdains,
And ſcoffing calls an APE; but MAN was he,
If *Tumblers*, or if *Dancing-Maſters* be.
He did, Alive, in *either Art* excel;
And now's *Gallanted*, by *Old-Maids*, in *Hell*.

DAMON: Or, The Shepherd's PARADISE.

I.

WHERE Pines and Cedars form a Wood,
On either ſide a Chryſtal Flood;
Where CUPID makes his chief Abode,
And ſofteſt Scenes of Love.
Where Innocence adorns the Swain,
Where FLORA crowns the verdant Plain,
And PHILOMELA tunes a main,
The Bounties of great JOVE.

II. Where

II.

Where Plenty crowns each ſmiling Brow,
Without the toilſome Help of Plow,
The *Flocks* do bleat, and *Oxen* low,
While Birds melodious Sing;
And warble forth Dame Nature's Praiſe,
Where *Phœbus* ſheds his brighteſt Rays,
Beſtowing on thoſe happy Days,
An everlaſting Spring.

III.

Here wou'd I chuſe ſome *rural Fair*,
The only Object of my Care,
Nor be forſworn, nor yet deſpair,
By modern Arts betray'd.
Her Choice ſhou'd fix her Love on me,
Her Words and Actions all be free,
If GRATIANA ſuch wou'd be,
My Happineſs were made.

IV.

Her Eyes wou'd give a chearful Day,
Her Smiles make ev'ry Shade look gay,
While at her Sight the Flocks wou'd play,
And Linnets ſtretch their Voice;
And ſure where'er my VENUS moves
The *Shrubs* ſhou'd riſe to *Myrtle Groves*,
And I'd ſupply a *Train of Loves*,
And *get a Race of Boys*.

CAROLETTA: Or, The Shepperdeſs.

MENALCAS ſure deſerves the Bays,
Who aims at CAROLETTA's Praiſe,
An airy, gay, and friſking She,
Not Fond, but without Coyneſs, free:
Her pretty Freedoms pleaſe the Wiſe,
And none are Jealous who have Eyes,
None can ſuſpect the *Lovely Fair*,
Or think Hypocriſy dwells there.

Trace

Trace Her thro' ev'ry Part and Grace,
Thro' ev'ry Lineament of Face,
A living Miracle you'll find,
Of Body blended with the Mind;
A Humour Debonâir and Fit
To match her Beauty and her Wit:
By Beauty form'd to charm Mankind,
To conquer all our Sex design'd;
For Wit and Repartee renown'd,
With Words that Cure as well as Wound.
As when they cut a Brilliant-Stone
Such as with PIT of late was known,
At ev'ry Chip a Jewel flies,
And Sparkles after Sparkles riſe;
So when you once this Nymph provoke,
To Raillery, or chearful Joke,
New Beauties in each Notion ſhine,
New Turns of Thought with Thought combine,
Wit uncontroul'd which nought can ſtem,
And ev'ry Sentence is a Gem.

PHILLIS, a Song.

I.

LET Fops of vain Happineſs proud,
Delight in Appearance and Noiſe;
Their Pleaſures divide with the Croud,
The Wiſe are more nice in their Joys.

II.

My PHILLIS is charming alone,
And all that behold her adore,
Then if I wou'd keep her my own,
No Rival muſt know of my Store.

III.

Adieu to the reſt of Mankind,
To Deſarts I fain wou'd retire;
In PHILLIS alone I ſhall find,
Whatever I want or deſire.

IV.

For ſoon as her Beauties appear,
New Brightneſs enlightens the Plain;
And only attended by her,
I'll envy no Monarch his Train.

POLY-

POLYPHEMUS to his MISTRESS, from *Ovid.*

O GALATEA, Thou'rt the Flow'r of *May*,
Tall as a Poplar, as a Meadow gay;
Splendid as Glaſs, gameſome as any Kid,
Airy as Cockles toſs'd by ev'ry Tide;
Grateful as Summer's Shade, or Winter's Shine,
Sweet as an Apple, ſightly as a Pine;
Smoother than mellow Grapes, whiter than Snow,
Soft as a Swan, or Stroakings from the Cow;
And if you did not ſhun my fond Embrace,
Fair as a Garden where a Fountain plays.

Again; thou'rt wild as any Colt unbroke,
Falſe as the Waves, obdurate as an Oak;
Weaker than ſallow Twigs, or than the Vine,
Harder than Rocks, more Head-ſtrong than the Rhine;
Proud as a Peacock when we him admire,
Sharper than Thorns, and hotter than the Fire;
Deaf as the Seas, cruel as Bears at Rut,
Fierce as an Adder trodden under Foot;

And

And what the greateſt Plague of all I find,
You fly the Lover like the hunted Hind,
Fleeting as Air, and volatile as Wind.

Verſes writ upon a GLASS.

'TIS generous Wine refines our Clay,
And makes our Souls out-ſhine the Day;
'Tis BACCHUS guards our *Health* and *Truth*,
Inſpires our *Wit*, preſerves our *Youth*;
Enobles *Friendſhip*, drowns *Deceit*,
And ſmooths the *rugged Brow* of *Fate*.
The only Cure of *gloomy Spleen*,
The *Show'r* that makes our *Sky* ſerene,
Then ſince the GOD has crown'd our Cup,
'Twere *Folly* not to *drink it up*.

The

The SPARROW, from CATULLUS.

Humbly Inſcribed to my much reſpected and honoured Kins-Woman, Mrs. GRACE HOWARD.

MOURN all ye CUPIDS, Mourn ye *little* Loves,
Mourn ye fair Maids, and mourn ye pretty Doves;

My *Lesbia*'s SPARROW Fate has rapt away,
Her darling Joy, and Pleaſure of her Day.
Sweeter *he* was, than ever Tongue can tell,
Well worthy Love, and was belov'd as well:
The pretty *Sparrow* his own *Miſtreſs* knew,
As well as infant *Babes* their *Mothers* do.
From *her* dear Lap his Wings he never mov'd,
But hover'd round, and ſhow'd how well he lov'd;
Round her fair Boſom ſtill *he* hopp'd and play'd,
And chirp'd with Joy about the lovely *Maid*.
But now poor Bird! treads PLUTO's gloomy ſhore,
Never, ah! never to return once more.
And you dark Shades of Hell's infernal Reign,
Ten thouſand Curſes for your Plague remain:

Inſtant

Instant you seize on all that's Sweet and Gay,
Ev'n Lesbia's *Bird*, well-lov'd, you stole away.
O Fact accurst! poor Tom at last is dead,
Hangs his weak Neck, and droops his sickly Head:
Griev'd at the Loss my Lesbia too appears,
Swells her fair *Eye*, and reddens into *Tears*.

To the Lady Bridget Osborne, with a Present of Grapes.

TH' Illustrious Planet that directs the Day,
To ev'ry Blade of Grass extends a Ray,
A Blaze of Incense has been known to move,
The Powers below us, and the Pow'rs above;
Then Thou, my Fair, accept without disdain,
An humble Off'ring, from an humble Swain.

Britannia is a Clime that well may boast
Its flow'ry Valleys, and its fruitful Coast;
Mild are the Seasons, fragrant is the Air,
Large are her Harvests, and her Product fair;

But

But far above the reſt her *Vines* produce,
The loveliеſt Figure, and the kindeſt Juice.

Fruits fine as theſe could never be deſign'd,
For Creatures of a baſe and vulgar Kind;
No, they're deſign'd to entertain the Fair,
And ſuch as Heav'n makes its peculiar Care;
For them th' ambitious Grove attempts the Sky,
The Foun tains murmur, and the Breezes ſigh;
For them the *Lilly* paints, the *Violet* blows,
And modeſt Bluſhes tinge the fragrant *Roſe*;
For them the *Citron* loads its Boughs anew,
And the glad *Orange* takes a golden Hue;
For them gay Flow'rs enamel all the Mead,
And other *Olives* to the laſt ſucceed;
For them our Sun the cluſter'd *Grape* refines,
For them our *Elms* are wedded with our *Vines*,
And condeſcend to take the ſpouſal Twines.

Thou faireſt of thy Sex and beſt, to Thee
Are due the choiceſt Riches of the Tree,

Accept the ready Offerings of the Plain,
Confeſs th' Extent of this auſpicious Reign,
And never let us pay our Vows in vain.

So when of old the *Farmer*'s Toil was o'er,
And all his Barns were crouded with his Store,
To that indulgent Power that gave him Peace,
And to his Corn, and to his Herds increaſe;
He paid the nobleſt Profits of the Year,
With rigid Juſtice, and Religious Fear.

EPIGRAMS.

YOU've often averr'd I'm the perfecteſt Wit,
That ever you ſaw, or convers'd withal yet,
And I in return have has often profeſt,
That of all Womankind you're the faireſt and beſt.
The Aſſertions of Both, are equally true,
For as you Laugh at me, ſo do I Laugh at you.

ANOTHER.

PHILANDER loads his Board with noble Fare,
And ev'ry one that comes is welcome there,

Be wiſe, PHILANDER, and thou than ſhalt ſee,
They love thy *Burgundy*, but Laugh at thee.

ANOTHER.

BELINDA is reduc'd, 'tis ſaid,
To proſtitute her ſelf for Bread;
And if they're ſure to hit the White,
That mingle Profit with Delight,
BELINDA's greatly in the Right.

ANOTHER.

Be not vain of your fancy'd Succeſs I deſire you,
Nor think that I love you becauſe I admire you;
A Monſter does doubtleſs deſerve Admiration,
As much as the prettieſt Girl in the Nation,
And hourly Experience, CORINNA, will ſhow ye,
A GRANNY is ſtare'd at, as much as a CHLOE.

ANOTHER.

Sir GEORGE the moſt uncertain of Mankind,
Turns with the Tide, and wavers with the Wind;
For well he knows all Times will favour him,
Who makes no Conſcience with the Times to Trim.

From MARTIAL.

As *Oaks* in ſtormy Seaſons ſhed,
The treacherous Leaves they bear;
So CALVUS did but *ſhake* his *Head*,
And off he *ſhook* his *Hair*.

ANOTHER,

On Mr. PRIOR's Tomb in *Weſtminſter-Abby*.

This Buſto *Lewis* gave our Bard, his Strains,
At leaſt the beſt, are borrow'd from *Fontaine's*:
Then what wou'd *Prior* be, ſhou'd *Gallia* claim,
Her *gifted* Monument, and *borrow'd* Fame!

An Imitation of OVID in *Diſtreſs*.

Ille ego qui fueram teneroruṁ luſor amorum.

I'M he who once indulg'd an amorous Vein,
And thought all Poets of a heavenly Strain,
My eaſy Heart each puny Girl ſubdu'd,
Coquets I flatter'd, and ador'd the Prude,
Thanks to my Muſe for ſhe thoſe Joys refin'd,
Diſſolv'd my Cares, and made *Corinna* kind,

Without reſtraint I paſs'd my Youths beſt Hours,
In eaſy Studies, or in ſoft Amours.
You Father *Bacchus* now extend your Aid,
Remember I was once a roaring Blade,
The Gods themſelves have Feſtivals of Mirth,
'Tis then they ſhow'r their Bleſſings down on Earth;
And you dear Friends, and Brothers of the Quill,
Remember me, and each his Bumper fill,
When you the Name of honeſt *Naſo* hear,
Set down the Glaſs, and drop a friendly Tear,
Look round about, and with a tender Voice,
Cry, where's the faithful Part'ner of our Joys,
Whilſt I alone beguile the tedious Day,
With Books, and ſtrive to read my Cares away;
I baniſh Fate's Unkindneſs from my Mind,
And fancy o'er the Joys I left behind;
My Muſe to me is all the World beſide,
My kind Phyſician, and my loving Bride.

EPITAPH on a SEXTON.

I.

HERE lies old HARE,
Worn out with Care,
Who whilom *toll'd* the *Bell*,
Could *dig* a *Grave*,
Or *ſet* a *Stave*,
And ſay *Amen* full well.

II.

For *ſacred Song*,
He'ad HOPKIN's Tongue,
And STERNHOLD's *eke* alſo;
With *Cough* and *Hem*,
He *ſtood* by *them*,
As far's his *Word* would *go*.

III.

Full many a *Feaſt*,
For *Worms*, he *dreſs'd*;
Himſelf yet wanted *Bread*.
But he is *gone*,
With *Skin* and *Bone*,
To *Starve* 'em now he's *Dead*.

IV. Here

IV.

Here, take his *Spade*,
And uſe his *Trade*,
Now he is *out* of *Breath*,
Cover the *Bones*,
Of *him* who *once*,
Wrought *Journey Work* for DEATH!

An Imitation of *Horace*'s ODE on FORTUNE.

I.

SOME hoiſt up *Fortune* to the *Skies*,
Others debaſe *her* to a *Bubble*;
I, nor her *Frowns*, nor *Favours* prize,
Nor think the *Chang'ling* worth my Trouble.

II.

If, at my Door *ſhe* chance to light,
I civilly my *Gueſt* receive;
The *Viſit* paid, I bid *Good-Night*;
Nor murmur, when *ſhe* takes her *Leave*.

III. Tho'

III.

Tho' prosp'rous *Gales* my *Canvas* croud,
Tho' smooth the *Waves*, serene the *Sky*,
I trust not *Calms*; they *Storms* forebode,
And speak th' *approaching Tempest* nigh.

IV.

Then *Virtue* to the *Helm* repair,
Thou, *Innocence*, shalt guide the Oar;
Now rage ye *Winds*; *Storms* rend the *Air*,
My *Barque* thus *Mann'd*, shall *gain* the *Shore*.

EPITAPH on the late Duke of *B* * * *.

HERE GRUBINOT lies, on very ill Terms,
First, a Prey to the *Flies*, and then to the *Worms*.
Those who grieve at his Loss, needn't *wonder* he's gone;
For the *Carcase* must *rot*, when the *Flesh* is *Fly*-blown.
But this must be said in his Praise,
Tho' Death, cruel Death, from us forc'd him;
He dy'd by endeav'ring to raise,
His old Friend that lay Dead before him.

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The END of PART I.